THE PACIFIC

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HIS HAND WILL KEEP.

Called by a power they must obey,
  The waters take their perilous leap;
But every tiniest drop of spray
  That power doth keep.

O, heart, that shrinkest back appalled,
  So fearful duty's way and steep,
Know that where'er God's voice hath called
  His hand will keep.

—Samuel Longfellow.

Pacific Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

SOARING PRICES AND WHAT IS GOING TO ENSUE.

United States Senator Hitchcock has presented an amendment to the Revenue Bill which is designed to check soaring prices for news print paper—such as is used by the daily papers. The provision is for a tax.

Paper selling at $40 a ton and under would not be taxed. When the price passes $40 a ton a tax is reached, when the tax would increase to $3 and mount up gradually until a tax of $40 a ton would prevail on paper selling for more than $90.

Mr. Hitchcock says: "The amendment is designed not so much to raise revenue, as it is to make it unprofitable for paper manufacturers to charge exorbitant prices for newsprint paper.

"The price of newsprint paper has been very stable for several years until recently, selling around two cents a pound at the mills. There has been an increase in the consumption of paper in the last two years for two reasons. First, the great increase in circulation arising from the war, and more recently, the increased volume in advertising due to prosperity. The result is that all surplus stock of paper has practically disappeared.

"The mills are making about 6500 tons a day and we are importing about 1200 tons a day from Canada, but this does not meet the demand. The result is that manufacturers whose product is not wholly contracted for are taking advantage of the situation to sell paper at exorbitant figures. While the great bulk of newsprint paper is selling at two cents a pound under existing contracts all new sales are bringing from four to five cents a pound.

"Many newspapers that are paying $40 a ton for their regular supply are paying $60 a ton for any surplus they need, and any newspaper so unfortunate as to have its contracts expire is being compelled to pay from $80 to $90 a ton for its whole supply, which is ruinous."

These soaring prices every time any one can take advantage of a situation are among the things driving the nation forward to a time when all prices will have to be regulated and fixed as those of public service corporations now are, or to something much more radical. Such is the greed for money that very many men will take such advantage at every opportunity.

No well-informed, far-sighted person, can for an instant think that our industrial system can go on many decades more without very material changes.

There isn't in reality any competition in business any more. Practically every line of business is a monopoly—a business of course that is open to others; but no matter how many go in the exclusive control continues. Prices are always fixed by those in the business, and the chances are that the more that go in the higher prices will be, for all have to live.

Of course something different will be worked out. No one can predict what it will be, whether it will be regulation by commissions, whether an industrial democracy, whether socialism.

Stand-pat people can no more readily stop the trend than king Canute could the incoming tide when he said to the waves, "Thus far and no further."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

More than two million orphans in France will have to be fed this winter by relief societies.

The first Sunday in October the Methodist Episcopal Church will celebrate throughout the land the 150th anniversary of American Methodism.

We heard of a man remarking not long ago that he liked to go to church occasionally, but that he "didn't like to get it in the neck as soon as he stuck his head in the door." There are men who need to "get it in the neck" frequently.

A London journal states that the Rev. Dr. Jowett is not among those who refrain from praying for the help of God in war. In his last public prayer just before leaving in August for New York were these words: "Lord, send us the victory; and may we use it for the right." The Christian Commonwealth, noting certain utterances of some of the clergymen, has this: "Not very long ago an English preacher gave utterance to the thought that the Kaiser was one of the worst devils out of hell. One hearer vowed that he would never enter the church again as long as the man who said that officiated. The pulpit is not the place for raw, ignorant, personal abuse of this kind, and it is a good thing to find that even in war time it will not be tolerated."

The New York high school graduate receiving the highest grade the last year is Louisa Viggiani, 16 years old, born in Southern Italy. Her percentage for the four years was 95.99. The Italian girl lives on the third floor of an old brownstone house in a block congested with foreigners. A large family lives on each floor, and the front steps as well as the stairway inside the house—for, of course, there is no elevator—is usually crowded with playing children. In this atmosphere the girl, who outranked all other pupils in New York's high schools, carried on her studies during the four years that she was a pupil at the Hunter College High School Annex at Ninety-third Street and Amsterdam Avenue. It was a coincidence that the second pupil on the list was a pupil at this same school and a classmate of the Italian.

Lovers of the late Panama-Pacific International Exposition wonder doubtless from time to time in what conditions the grounds are. The following by a San Francisco representative of the Oakland Tribune will accordingly be of interest to many: "A mighty change has been wrought at the exposition grounds. Fairyland has vanished. Where

but a short year ago there were stately palaces, symbolic statuary, exotic gardens, palm vistas, smothering banks of flowers, stretches of green sward, and all that art could do to embellish and beautify, there is now only desolation. The palaces have been leveled, except the naked framework of one. The garish structures of the zone have so effectually disappeared and most of their sites now resemble a plowed field. Some of the grinning framework of the Tower of Jewels is still upstanding, and the majestic horticultural building is being denuded. Of the foreign structures the Argentine building is intact, and the Oregon building is to be turned into an army club. But these are on Presidio ground. The aquarium is intact and kept going at an expense for water of $125 a month. The art building is still open to visitors, and if you apply at the Baker street entrance and say that all you want to do is to visit it, they will let you in without charge. The statuary has been taken down, and such of it as is considered worth preserving is herded at the easterly end of the Marina in a disconsolate array. The End of the Trail is the most noticeable, suggesting that there ought to be some more suitable finale for such a great work of art. Prodigies have been performed in clearing away this great beautiful city in the nine months since the gates were closed, and it looks as though the site would be cleared off by the first of the year, as was expected."

"LABORERS ARE CLAD AS WELL AS BANKERS, SINCE LIQUOR IS WELCOME NO MORE IN SEATTLE.

The foregoing words constitute the caption of an article in the Seattle Star for September the 9th by James A. Duncan, the Secretary of the Central Labor Council. We quote from it as follows:

"A year ago our enemies hoped, and some of our friends professed, to believe that when the state went dry the labor movement would go to the dogs.

"These hopes and fears have all proved groundless.

"True, this law had the effect of putting not to exceed 450 Seattle trade unionists, who had been directly or indirectly connected with the liquor business, out of employment, but on the other hand the membership of the garment workers' union, has increased in the past year over 40 per cent, which equals more than one-fifth the number thrown out of employment, while the number of waiters losing their positions is to some extent offset by the additional number of waitresses put to work in places that have ceased to dispense liquor.

"In addition to this, at least 3,000 more members have joined other unions not directly affected by the operation of the dry law except, perhaps, in so far as some may now find themselves in a better position to pay dues. Some of the organizations report great improvement in this regard.

"It is indeed encouraging to see men of such crafts as the longshoremen, who were content but a short time ago to walk around during their leisure, in overalls, now dressed in such manner as would do credit to bankers.

"It has been said by some officers of the longshoremen's organization that the splendid solid front and unwavering determination which insures victory in the present strike, could never have been maintained if the saloons had been open, and much more serious violence and disturbances would surely have occurred.

"A city of sober, organized workers means a city of workers earning fair wages within reasonable hours, with sufficient funds and leisure to take recreation, visit the stores to make purchases, and with the means to live under wholesome, sanitary conditions."

EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN IDAHO.

The most conservative estimate of the effects of Prohibition in Idaho that we have seen comes from a representative of the Christian Science Monitor, and is good as are all reports:

"It is too soon to note the economic effect. Nothing has taken the place of the saloon as an institution. In a few towns reading rooms were opened. Boise threw open a room in the city hall which has been unremittingly patronized in the past seven months, and especially on Sunday nights is filled with men until a late hour.

"The quickest change has been in the moral aspect. Crimes were immediately lessened when the liquor was withdrawn. The mining town of Wallace with a population of 3500 stands ahead in its record in not having a single arrest in the first three months of the year. At one time this spring the Ada county jail, which includes Boise city in its territory, stood empty, and at present there are but three prioners, two of whom are federal and are awaiting the session of the federal court. The police force in Boise has been decreased by four. The state penitentiary shows as many as from 20 to 30 less in its numbers than the corresponding months of the past year. One of the justices of the peace states that all the criminal cases appearing in his court are but the aftermath of the saloon regime.

"There were some adjustments in a business way which the closing of the liquor traffic necessitated and which make the industrial effects slower in being computed. In Boise many men were thrown out of employment and a noticeable number of their families moved away. Others who did not wish to remain in a prohibition state sought business affiliations elsewhere. Luther Wells, secretary of the Anti-Saloon-League, who has recently completed a tour of the state announces that business conditions have improved all over the state since Jan. 1.

"The testimony of the State Children's Home Finding and Aid Society shows that poverty is decreasing, and that there has been a decidedly fewer number of children committed to its care than previously, with an accompanying decrease in the cost of maintaining the children's home."

Recently Governor Alexander was invited to visit South Dakota and speak for the Prohibition cause. On the 26th of August the Governor wrote in reply:

"Your letter of Aug. 7, extending me an invitation to visit your state in behalf of the aboliton of the saloon, the curse of our civilization, received. I hardly feel justified in leaving the state of Idaho at present and will have to consider the matter some time, before I can answer positively yes or no.

"I am surprised at the statement that your letter contains, that there is any doubt in such a high class of citizenship as there is in your state, about the saloon. In our state here, we used to discuss it in days gone by, but since the law went into effect on Jan. 1, 1916, we have even stopped discussing it. Even those who argued about personal liberty and the economic side of the question of prohibition have stopped even discussing it, and are now dis-

cussing it from the opposite point of view,—why didn't we have this prohibition business long ago?

"Business since Jan. 1, 1916, has improved. Merchants are selling more goods, small accounts are being paid more promptly and oftener. Efficiency has increased among the people, there are fewer accidents than ever before. Savings deposits have increased in our state over 200 pr cent. Our jails are empty and our police courts are out of business.

"Here in Boise, when we had 23 saloons and everybody predicted that everything would perish from the earth on account of the abolition of the saloons, business improved, drunkeness decreased and the other day, the city government discharged the chief of police and four policemen, because we have no use for them and could just as well have discharged all but two.

"In the mining district, in the northern part of the state, two years ago the people told me that it would ruin the town and bring about stagnation if my idea should prevail. I had occasion to visit that section about 10 days ago and everyone there demanded of me the full and rigid enforcement of state-wide prohibition, so no liquor could be smuggled over the line from a neighboring state, I asked them how that came about in so short a space of time, what brought forth such a change in sentiment? They said, they had more efficiency, fewer accidents, more contentment and less tendency towards crime.

In Idaho we discussed the question of prohibition from an economic point of view. We expect to grow to be the richest state in the intermountain country by prohibition. In place of sending our money out for buying liquor as in days gone by, we are going to keep it at home and build homes, pay off the mortgage on the homes; we expect to have a higher conception of civic righteousness among our people and in the place of saloons, we will have happy homes, laughing children, smiling wives and mothers, and in the place of mahogany bars that men lean over to debauch themselves, we will have a family altar erected in each home, upon which there is dedicated, Peace, Prosperity and Happiness."

LIFE AMONG THE STARS.

Rev. John Brereton, Pastor of Congregational Church, Woodland.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14:2.

This passage of Scripture is a comfort to millions of Christians who have no thought of its application beyond heaven, as that is commonly understood. It is not my purpose to lessen this comfort, or alter the essential facts of heaven, as accepted by the simplest Christian, but rather to enlarge the vision, by a fuller understanding of the scriptures. The word 'mansions' in the margin of the R. V. reads, 'abiding places', which suggests much of the thought in this address.

John describes the Holy city as four square, with walls great and high, of exact measurements, but later adds, "The gates thereof shall in nowise be shut", indicating that this is but the central city, or throne room, into which all God's people come, and from which they may go out through the 'twelve gates' in all directions, to explore and enjoy the whole universe. Many impressions, regarding the nature and location of heaven, are based on present experiences and capacity, allowing only for changes in spiritual aspirations. This is an unfair assumption, as the bible promises a new heaven and earth, and gives positive proof of varied enjoyments.

Accepting Jesus' declaration that, He came to give us a more abundant life, it is absurd to assume that the redeemed shall be confined within four walls, shut in from the glory of God outside its gates. Such a walled-in heaven is not only unreasonable, but is unscriptural, as the following passages indicate. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when he doth appear, we shall be like him." "He that spared not his own Son, shall he not with him freely give us all things?" "All things are yours, the world, life, death, things present, things to come, all are yours". "We are heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ to his kingdom." "God giveth us richly ALL THINGS to enjoy." These words "All things" are repeated over and over, indicating the unlimited privileges of God's people.

Although we speak much of the future life, we do not know the qualities of a spiritual body: but scripture assures us that, "If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body." Of its nature we know something from the angels, and those who have visited the earth, after entering the spirit world. This joined with our knowledge of science and astronomy gives us a basis for many logical conclusions.

Ezekiel saw "Living creatures run and return as a flash of lightning." Jesus saw Satan, "as lightning fall from heaven," and testifies that "As lightning, so shall be the coming of the Son of man". Of the angel at the tomb it is said, "His countenance was like lightning." Paul asserts, "The Lord himself shall decend from heaven, and the saints shall meet him in the air".

These scriptures give clear proof that the heavenly mode of traveling is 'like lightning', being 186,000 miles per second, for all beings, good or bad, and it is but reasonable to assume that the redeemed, who are to be superior to angels, can move at an equal or more rapid rate. Paul quotes—"He maketh his angels winds, and his ministers a flame of fire: are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who are heirs of salvation?" This is an assurance of speedy help in answer to prayer, and the instant appearance of angels to strengthen the needy. God promised: "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear," and Daniel testifies: "While I was praying, Gabriel being caused to fly swiftly, touched me, and said, O Daniel, I am come to give thee wisdom and understanding".

As to the appearance of angels, and their ability to perform feats unknown on earth, the scriptures are specific. John saw "an angel standing in the sun". Ezekiel saw "Living creatures come out of the midst of the fire, and they had the likeness of men". When Manoah offered sacrifice he saw, "As the flame went up toward heaven, the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar". David perceived "The angel of the Lord stand between earth and heaven". Paul was 'caught up even to the third heaven", the beggar was carried by angels into Abrahams bosom. These are experiences unknown on earth, but doubtless common to both angels and saints in heaven.

Jesus says, "the redeemed are equal to the angels,," Paul declares "we shall judge angels,' that is be above and superior to them. This accords with Daniel's prophesy, "The saints of the Most High shall possess the kingdom for ever, and the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom, under the whole heaven shall be given to the

saints of the Most High." Our Lord promises, "He that overcometh, to him will I give power over the nations, and I will give him the morning star". Can such beings, heirs to such an inheritance, sit satisfied forever in a walled city, while 'twelve gates' stand wide open inviting them to travel?

Three points seem clear: Angels and saints travel at a normal rate of 186,000 miles per second, which is equal to seven times around the earth. They can pass through fire, or rest in it, without discomfort in body or mind. Also as they are constantly passing from earth to heaven, they must go through space, which has a temperature of 270 degrees below zero, with equal comfort. Elijah who went to heaven in a chariot of fire, returned with Moses to visit our Lord. They must have passed through this temperature of absolute zero, in perfect comfort to themselves. Therefore we assume that all saints in the spirit world can pass through fire, or absolute zero, at a normal speed, equal to the angels, 186,000 miles a second.

Astronomers agree that there are 100,000,000 stars, with every indication that there may be as many more in the dim background. Each star is as large, or larger, than our solar system, and may be as complex, with planets, earths, life, and beings of every order, equal or superior to our. With such a universe to be explored, by beings with powers and capacities superior to angels, having a joint ownership with our Lord, who has prepared the place for us, we may well thrill with pleasure, in anticipation of what awaits us there. Our normal rate of speed on earth is three miles an hour. To run, ride, or drive faster is too rapid for our faculties to see or appreciate the things we pass through. Nature adapted the eye and mind to our normal speed; we assume the same is true of angels and saints in the spirit world. When they travel 186,000 miles a second, it is reasonable to assume that their faculties are adjusted and adapted to their normal speed, as we to ours. So as they pass from place to place, like lightning, they see and appreciate every form, color, fragrance and landscape, with as much ease and pleasure as we do, when on a tramp in the mountains on a summer holiday.

The difference in speed, and capacity for observing and enjoying, between three miles an hour, and six hundred million miles an hour, may seem out of proportion, but a few comparisons help us to see the wisdom of our maker, in fitting each order of being for the work to be done. Children laboriously learn letters, then words, clauses, and sentences; some grasp paragraphs and even pages at a glance. Some men are 'brothers to the ox', others 'have empires in their brains'. Prof. Langley, of Smithsonian Institute, can detect a change of one hundred millionth of a degree in temperature.

Prof. Pfund, of Johns Hopkins University, has invented an instrument that can detect the temperature of a candle at sixty miles distance.

Sir J. J. Thompson discovered Electrons, the smallest entity in existence, and counts them, although they are a trillion times too small to be seen by the most powerful microscope. When such things are done by men in this life, why should greater things be thought incredible in the spirit world? This in a limited way explains the 'impossible' things, which may be simple enough to others, in different spheres. The imagination is more apt to find the truth than cold reason, in a realm where worldly wisdom has little application: as Paul explained, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal". Our earth travels 560,000,000 miles a year, on its annual excursion around the sun, and we enjoy it. Think of riding 68,400 miles an hour in an automobile, and never feel a jar!

Having indicated the mode, let us now take a short trip with an angel guide, and view things as we may, after hearing the Master's invitation, "Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world".

Starting from the seat of our Lord's throne, we pass through one of the East gates, and stand in the portico to take our first survey. Spread before us is an expanse, such as no astronomer ever saw through the largest telescope, for telescopes are crude affairs compared with the normal eye of the sons of God. As the rate of speed of angels is 220,000,000 tmes greater than man's so their normal capacity for seeing may reasonably be assumed to be 220,000,000 times clearer than man's. As we look, a great section of God's universe appears before us. Each system, with its planets and their satellites, revolve in perfect order; their motion is in harmony with each other, and with all other spheres. Our sense of hearing is also 220,000,000 times more acute than on earth, so we hear the marvelous "music of the spheres," with which no earthly comparisons can be made.

Being accustomed to our white sun-light, it is difficult to conceive of other suns and worlds resplendent in other hues. No two are alike as, "one star differeth from another star in glory". Every color and shade known on earth is there, and other shades and combinations never seen on sea or land. White, yellow, blue, green, red, orange, garnet, carmine, scarlet, ruby, crimson, gold, azure, fawn, olive, lilac, purple, agate onyx; each emitting its own light, in its own sphere. Some ten thousand times more intense than our sun, others fading off into soft shades. Each system has forms and life suited to its colors, but not possible of existance in any other realm. All are so arranged, that the most esthetic taste, 220,000,000 times more sensitive and appreciative than ours, sees in it a splendor that never tires. Owing to their revolutions and change of position, the soul is thrilled by new scenes at intervals. The saints also come into possession of sixth, seventh and other senses, dimly hinted at on earth: these intensify the joy of life, but as we have nothing with which to compare them, we must say with Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him": because words have little value in expressing the deeper emotions of the soul.

Deciding to take a trip to the nearest star, the guide estimated that, in earth measurements, it was twenty trillions of miles distant, and traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, would take over three and a half earth-years to reach it. As the North star would take forty-five years, and other stars within sight would take fifty to one hundred and up to ten thousand, we chose the shortest voyage. Thinking of the trip in earth terms we hesitated, but on starting off, the most wonderful of all wonders dawned upon us. Our eyes not only had the telescopic vision, but microscopic power multiplied 220,000,000 times, revealing the atomic life about us, which we examined and enjoyed with thrilling interest. What seemed thick darkness, to human eyes, turned into microcosms of worlds, in which life of inconceivable beauty, form and color, lived and played for our pleasure. Molocules, atoms, and electrons, each with its laws of life and love, were visible. Their lightning speed of motion, and our lightning speed of flight, in no way limited our capacity to admire,

examine and discover a meaning in every motion. With a mind akin to God's, we were able to understand what on earth seemed mysterious, and 'the riddle of the universe' became as harmonious as 'the music of the spheres'. With no weariness of mind or body, no lack of variety, or appreciation and understanding of things around us, time passed, or seemed to stand still, while we grew to a fuller enjoyment of the constant change, and increasing beauty, that gratified, and satisfied our every sense.

On reaching our destination, after a trip of twenty trillion miles, we found the worlds, and all life forms, colors and tastes, so different from this earth, as to make description impossible, but our minds being in harmony with their laws, we could study, and gradually understand their meaning. A thousand years might be spent in exploring this one system, for the mind expanded, and new faculties continued to discover new values and beauty in everything. Looking off from this nearest star, new vistas appeared, and what astronomers on earth thought to be 200,000,000 stars was multiplied by 220,000,000 times more, and it doth not yet appear what there may be when we grow to fullness. Life in forms so unlike the earth, as to be impossible of comparison, appeared in the habitable parts of each system. Vegetation in size, form, color, fragrance, and flavor, peculiar to each, and suited to the needs and tastes of fish, fowls, animals, and beings of higher order, gave novelty, beauty and value to each. All things, however strange to other worlds, were natural in their own. There was a 'clor scheme' into which all blended; a perfect expression of order and form that delighted the esthetic taste. Music of exquisite harmony, from insects, atoms, and the air: perfumes so delicate, voices so soft, and love so pure, made this a Paradise, where "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

In all the journey there was no sorrow, no age, no death. There was no make-believe or sham of any sort: no churches, no preachers, and no undertakers. There were no mechanical devices of any kind, no conveyances of any style, for none were needed. Not a single doll or mechanichal toy, but everywhere children played in an ecstacy of delight. Foom the smallest microbe to baby asteroids, all seemed made for ther special pleasure. Games that resemble 'Hide and seek' 'Ring around a rosy,' were going on in all directions. The combination of electrons into atoms, and these into molocules and other forms, gave endless exhibitions of wonder and instruction. Excursions, pic-nics, races after flying meteors: comets were overtaken, and every unusual event kept them busy. All these were subjects for study-classes under guides, in preparation for the needs and enjoyments of later life. Visits were often made, by these heavenly children, to earth-like planets, where lowly beings were still in probation. Although invisible to these imperfect ones, they ministered to their comfort, and whispered sweet dreams in the ears of sorrowing mothers. Often they stopped to watch earth-children at play, and helped them in many a romp. Prompting them to love and gentleness toward each other, and when quarrels arose, these angels of peace, disposed the belligerents to forgive, and be friends.

In all this heavenly world, very few were lounging with palms in their hands and not many exhibiting their finery, and stars in their crowns. They were a busy democratic lot, having little time or inclination for vulgar display.

To account for such an abrupt ending, in this far-off world. I can only explain that, being shocked into earth-consciousness, the vision vanished.

A CALL FOR OPEN CHURCHES.

There has been of late an increasing call for open churches in England. A correspondent of the London Times writes:

"These people have begun to feel churches are no longer places to which they go at stated hours on Sunday; they think of them rather as a second home, a home of the spirit, as the house of God which should be always open to all His children. And, strangest of all, they are even coming to think of cathedrals as houses of God and not as interesting examples of Gothic architecture, as homes for the spirit and not as sights for tourists. They wish to go to cathedrals also to think their own higher thoughts, and not only to study architecture or to listen to the choir on Sunday.

"Now cathedrals were built for this purpose as well as for others. They were meant to be houses of God where He welcomed all men at all hours; and they still bear the mark of that splendid purpose upon them in their largeness and beauty. however much they may have been defaced by neglect at one time and restoration at another. But we have almost forgotten this original purpose of theirs; and the Church itself seems almost to have forgotten it. The Church treats its cathedrals as if they were museums, and in doing that it destroys even their beauty, because it destroys the life of that beauty.

"There are many ways to religion, and listening to what the clergyman says in church is not the only way. A man may discover what religion is not only through words but by the silent contemplation of the great works of religion in the past. There is in a cathedral a kind of music which speaks to the eye as music to the ear. It conveys all the passion and faith of the past as clearly as words themselves, to some men more clearly. But it cannot do this if every means is taken to hinder it; and in our cathedrals there are many hindrances.

"There is nothing which the Church desires so much as to make religion a thing for all days and hours and not merely for Sundays. Let it make its cathedrals places for religion at all times and not merely for what the clergyman says in church. Let them be places where the people can hear what their fathers have spoken and where they can listen for that whenever they choose. It is not only by preaching that men's hearts can be moved, as our fathers well knew. They have given us buildings which speak for themselves. When will the Church allow them so to speak?"

Some of the London churches are being put to new and pathetic uses. An article in the Daily Times states:

"The war has come inside the church. Many of the churches, and especially those in the poorer districts of the city, have their 'war-corners'; and a war-corner is one of the most touching and soothing things that these distracted days have to offer. Let us take an example: In a poor district in the East End there is a mission church. The door is open, and as a pilgrim passes from the din of a mean street into the healing quiet he sees at the west end—in the place where in the Roman Catholic churches

of the Continent you find sometimes the mortuary chapel and sometimes the shrine of the Bambino—a red curtain, partially shutting off a little space. On the wall behind that curtain hangs a gleaming white crucifix and about it are grouped not only flowers, but things that seem at first sight incongruous with the sacred building.

"There are rolls of names; there are cheap—almost 'picture post-card'—reproductions of pictures, and there are positively picture post-card photographs. It needs a closer look to discover that the names are those of men who are serving their country in navy or army, and of men who have already laid down their lives for their country; that the pictures are sacred, pictures of the kind which the war has brought into being—'The White Comrade,' and so forth; and that the photographs all show men in the King's uniform.

"This is a 'war corner.' Wait till the children come out of school at noon, and one of its uses will be apparent. Here come two tiny girls. They toddle very quietly across the church into the war corner, and kneel down in front of a board on which, very clearly printed, is a prayer. The parson is not here at the moment, and they are very tiny girls. And so the kindly woman who has been cleaning the church joins them and reads out the prayer, while their hushed little voices follow her word by word. When it is over they get up and toddle quietly out again.

'Those two are only the forerunners of bunch after bunch of boys and girls who come in by twos and threes and fours. The parson takes each little bunch as it comes, and they pray together. They pray that our soldiers may be strong and brave. They pray for victory, and for peace; they pray for the wounded. And there is one moment when the silence is even more moving than the childish voices. 'O God,' they pray, 'take care of —,; and in the sudden pause each child offers the name of its own father or brother or dear friend. And then out to play in the street or in the pleasant garden behind the church.

"The children come daily in dozens. They are not all Church of England children; nor do the photographs show none but Church of England soldiers. The war has come into the church; and every child may here give expression to the love and anxiety and hope which the smallest of us feel."

"A lady who found a party of children in a war-corner such as that described above has told the story in the Challenge, but it would bear telling again. 'Who shall we pray for?' she asked. 'My uncle what's dead,' was the first answer. 'I got a cousin killed,' came the next. 'Can't we pray,' asked another, 'for all them counties what the flags are about?' for the flags of the Allies are to be seen in the war-corner. Promptly each child chose a country to pray for: 'I'll be Belguim! Please God, drive them Germans out and let the people get back to their own homes again.' 'I'll be France!' 'I'll be Russia!' And then a poignant prayer, 'Please God, keep away them things what come in the night to frighten us, and keep us safe. Amen.'

All the noble sentiments and attractive forms of heroic manhood which are generated and revealed in warfare of the most exalted kind are exactly those which are most needed for the peaceful development of civilization.—George Batchelor.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENTS FILED AT SACRAMENTO.

Former Lieutenant Governor A. J. Wallace has filed the argument in favor of Prohibition for California, with the Secretary of State. The fortnight before election this argument will be mailed to every registered voter of the state. The argument is as follows:

"This amendment provides for Prohibition beginning in 1920. It gives interested persons time to adjust themselves to the new policy.

"It does not interfere with making or selling liquors for medcinal, scientific or sacramental uses.

"Alcohol is a narcotic poison. It's use injures body, mind and character. It is a race-poison, which unfits for fatherhood and motherhood. Prohibition means better babies and a better race.

"The liquor traffic is essentially wasteful. Its overthrow means material as well as moral gain. Experience in other states proves that Prohibition is desirable and practicable. The Seattle Times and Spokane Chronicle opposed Prohibition in 1914. They thought it impracticable for large cities. After six months' experience they admit their mistake and testify to its good effcts.

Change of Heart.

"Oregon bankers opposed Prohibition in 1914. So did the Portland Oregonian. The Oregonian recently said: 'Bankers are firm in the belief that Prohibition has helped not only their business, but business generally.'

"Where Prohibition has been tried the inconvenience has been slight. Business quickly readjusts itself and those out of jobs soon find better ones. The money saved from saloons goes into legitimate business. More buildings and workers are required to conduct this increased business than were formerly employed in selling liquor.

"The Spokane Chronicle, which opposed Prohibition in 1914, now says that under Prohibition unemployment is less than twelve months ago. Denver's Bureau of Charities reports: 'We have had much less trouble with unemployment this year than last, and requests for assistance average 100 per month less.'

Predicted Calamities Not Realized.

"From all dry states comes testimony that Prohibition works. Not one of the predicted calamities has been realized. Prohibition has proved good for our neighbors. It will be good for California.

"The rest of the Pacific Coast is dry. If California remains wet, it will become the cesspool of the West. This must not be. Prohibition will keep California among the most attractive and prosperous states in the Union.

"To the charge that Prohibition will hurt California by destroying the wine-grape market, we reply that wine-grapes are a small part of California's grape industry. Last year raisins sold for $10,000,000; table grapes for $9,500,000; while wine grapes brought about $3,000,000, and little of that was profit. Shall the curse of the liquor traffic with its cost in men and money be fastened upon California for $3,000,000?

Universally Beneficial.

"Putting California dry will hasten national Prohibition. This will be an invaluable factor in national preparedness. Experience in countries now at war makes this clear. Lloyd George declares that the efficiency of Russia's army has been increased more than 25 per cent by Prohibition, and

that England's greatest enemy in this war is alcohol. Addressing his naval cadets recently, Emperor William said: 'The nation which uses the least alcohol will win the battles of the future.' A nation's best defense is a sober citizenry."

The Second Measure.

Arthur Arlett has filed the argument in favor of the second measure which will be on the ballot this year, that to close the public drinking place. Two weeks before election the Secretary of State will mail this argument to every voter in the state. It reads as follows:

"This amendment will close saloons and stop the service of liquor in public places.

"It will not interfere with the manufacture, importing or exporting of liquors, nor prevent people from buying liquor in California, provided they buy directly from the manufacturer in two gallon, or larger, lots, to be delivered at the buyer's residence.

Effect Upon Wine Industry.

"It wil have no appreciable effect upon California's wine industry. Theodore A. Bell, then attorney for the wine interests, stated in 1914 that of 42,000,000 gallons of wine produced in California in 1913, 40,000,000 gallons were shipped elsewhere. Of the small part left in California, only that consumed in public places would be affected by this amendment.

"Fresno county, with more than 40,000,000 grape vines and many large wineries, is dry under the local option law. Grape growers know that public drinking places hurt their homes and their business, and have voted them out. This amendment will do for the whole state what Fresno grape growers have done for themselves.

Tourist Argument.

"The chief argument against it is that it will discourage tourists from coming to California, and so hurt hotels. This has not happened elsewhere.

"Before Colorado went dry, her citizens discovered that tourists remained in wet Denver an average of one and one-half days, and in dry Colorado Springs three and a half days. Governor Carlson says this was an important factor influencing the people to vote dry.

"Chester H. Rowell in the Fresno Republican says: 'The great majority of California tourists come from conditions and homes in which wine is not customary.' He also points out that the total revenue from wine sold in hotels would not pay for the paint on the hoops of wine barrels.

Hotels and Prohibition.

"The injury done to hotels by this measure would be as nothing compared with the gain to the state. Liquor serving hotels and restaurants are frequently the worst element in city life. Many of them become assignation houses whose chief profit is from vice. Even the respectable ones hurt their lapses. When the Palace hotel reopened in San Francisco the Sacramento Bee wrote thus of the celebration: 'A San Francisco exchange states that women flocked to the bar-room as soon as the conventions began to give way; that they stood at the bar in rows; that they drank and shook dice—grandmothers, mothers and maidens.' When this could happen in a respectable hotel, what must conditions be in disreputable hotels?

"If the curse of saloons and French cafes is to be removed, the public drinking place must go. That is what this amendment will accomplish. It will close the dive, stop the treating custom, separate drink from public dancing, lessen danger from drunken automobile drivers, and take saloons out of politics.

"Neighboring states have found that closing saloons improves business, reduces crime and makes conditions better for the average man, and marvelously better for women and children. California's dry communities have had a similar experience. Why not try it for the whole state?"

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The first Wednesday of September is a day of peculiar interest to Congregational women of the Pacific Coast who are interested in Foreign Missions. It stands out on the calendar like one's own birthday, and is welcomed with this difference that each year is an occasion of increased pride and satisfaction and is unfailingly rejoiced over, and never sighed over. This year the forty-third birthday of the Board fell on the sixth of the month, and hundreds of friends from far and near met at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, to do honor to the day. They come early, most gratifying to those who had planned the celebration of the occasion, and equally complimentary to Mrs. Francis Van Horn who led the opening devotional exercises.

The thoughts which Mrs. Van Horn presented will prove an inspiration for the year's work. The "Road to the Goal," perseveringly followed to the end, with no turning aside or loitering to listen to the thrush's song or music of rippling water—traveled in humility, along the trails which others have blazed—with courage, when mountains of difficulty loom toweringly in the path—with brave continuous adventure, when the enthusiasm of a buoyant start has turned to weariness, and the shade of a tree tempts one to say "I have borne the heat and burden of the day, and now I will rest." The law of the road is progress, no return steps, no going over old paths—new adventure, new experiences, a brave new year of steady traveling not of indolent resting—and the goal will be like the promised end of life's roads, a place of golden streets with delights that eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard.

After a greeting by the president of the Board, Mrs. Reed B. Cherington, the report of the Secretary Mrs. F. F. Barbour, giving a comprehensive account of the year's work, was listened to with interest. The report of the treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Ferrier, showed the receipts from auxiliaries to be nearly identical with those of last year, but not sufficient to meet the demands that had been made upon the Board for extra salaries and traveling expenses of newly appointed and returning missionaries.

Mrs. E. R. Wagner, Foreign Secretary, reviewed in her graphic style the present conditions and the outlook for the new year of the various missions helped by the Board. "Around the Council Table" proved to be of great interest. Mrs. James H. Lash, the president of the Southern California Branch, conducted the Council with stimulating snap. Of special interest to Sunday-school workers was the clear presentation by Mrs. E. A. Evans of the new missionary plans for Sunday-schools carefully prepared by the American Board and the Women's Boards, for a twelve weeks course, culminating at Christmas. Four countries and four great types of work are presented in the story and excercises to be used in classes or platform programs. The plan is adaptable, suitable for every school. Helps have

been prepared for all grades. Programs for the Christmas exercise are distributed free. This is the first time that the American Board and the Women's Boards have united in missionary education plans. The offerings will be divided equally between the American Board and the Woman's Board of the territory, and free attractive envelopes to contain them will be provided. A complete set of this material will be sent to any address for twenty-five cents from the Board's Headquarters, 417 Market St., San Francisco.

The next speaker from the Council table was Miss Elizabeth Benton who made a special plea for attendance at Missionary conferences. The M. E. M. gatherings at Asilomar are wonderfully inspirational and churches who send delegates recognize the value of the investment in the impetus given to their missionary activities.

Miss Anne Brewer recounted how Home and Foreign Missions are being closely connected in the work that the Young Women's Christian Association is conducting for the "picture brides" in Japan and Angel Island; for their preparation in our foreign ways before sailing, and in their reception and instruction upon arrival. Miss Brewer also spoke briefly on the Yu Ai Kai, the new society of American friends for Japanese women recently organized in San Francisco to promote intelligent sympathy and helpfulness toward the Japanese women among us.

The Board's plan for a Thank-offering was presented by Mrs. H. H. Kelsey and Miss Henrietta Brewer, who touched upon its significant place in our lives and gifts, its value as to soul culture and aid to enlarged work, and its proper use for special extension and not as a help to make up the apportionment. Mrs. F. F. Barbour added a personal touch to the subject by relating stories of individual blessing boxes—how they were made and what gifts went into them —that inspired others to wish they owned boxes too.

Mrs. J. H. Prutzman told how to make a mission-study class effective. It should be held weekly for five or six weeks from one to two hours at a time, with not too large a group of members, and a leader tactful and sympathetic and thoroughly conversant with the book. According to John R. Mott the mission study class is the most efficient method of aiding pastors in building up a strong missionary spirit in a church.

A comprehensive review of "World Missions and World Peace" was ably given by Mrs. Paul Raymond. The keynote of the book is the quotation "We need to discover in the social realm the moral equivalent of war." Carefully prepared charts form valuable aids to the study of the book which is recommended to classes.

Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks read charmingly Mrs. George Hinman's delightful little story of Peach-blossom of Foochow.

Delightful as were the exercises of the morning, they paled before the great human interest that centered in the participants of the afternoon's program. Rarely does a group of missionaries at a meeting represent such a variety of experiences. There was Mrs. Frederick Beach, returning after a year's furlough to the Foochow Mission, China. Her enthusiasm to go back, with a full knowledge of experiences awaiting her, meant far more than the cheerful untried expectancy of the first outgoing. To look at her beaming face one could easily believe that for the pure joy of living one should seek Foochow with all possible speed.

Mrs. Beach's interest in Foochow was contagious when she gave the history of the Union Kindergarten Training School, with which we are associated with the Anglican and Methodist Missions. After a circuitous course like a winding river, with many impeding obstacles, we seem to be approaching a shining vista. A site for the buildings which has been one of the most serious obstacles, is now possible of attainment and is seemingly ideal for the purpose. Trees, a picturesque pond and rockery, good air, proximity to the American Board Compound and to the homes of the higher class Chinese combine to make the choice acceptable to all concerned and is an opportunity rarely offered to foreigners in a land where the acquirement of property is almost impossible. It will cost money of course, and we feel that this is to be our challenge to accomplish something big this year. For years we have held in trust the two three thousand gifts contributed by loving friends for kindergarten buildings in Foochow in memory of Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Susan M. Farnham, and we will rejoice when these tributes to the beautiful lives and work of these loved women can become active forces in bringing life and light to China's little ones.

Another strong bond of interest with Foochow just at this time is Miss Bertha Allen.

If this Southern California girl, our latest appointed missionary, needed to have her hopes and spirits braced as she too sets sail for Foochow, (but for the first time), she could not be more highly favored than to have Mrs. Beach as traveling companion; but she stands in no need of outside props. With a calmness of determination, beautiful in its directness, she has set her face and mind and heart toward Foochow, confident that the call has come to her to take up our work there in the Kindergarten Training School; and we feel just as confident in our choice of her. We would have been so happy to have her commission service in San Francisco but that would have been asking too much of her friends and church in Pasadena—so we had a very beautiful recognition service. Mrs. James H. Lash, president of the Southern California Branch, presented Miss Allen to the members of the W. B. M. P. with the assurance of the glad willingness with which she goes, and the challenge to them to give their best in money and prayers to match the best, which mothers and girls are giving at our bidding. Dr. H. H. Kelsey, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, made formal recognition of Miss Allen as one of the Board's workers, assuring her that though the training of Chinese boys and girls might be slow work it was for great and sure ends. Mrs. Cherington, as president of the Board, adopted Miss Allen as its representative and pledged its love and friendship for the years to come. To express the welcome to Foochow, Mrs. Beach and Mrs. Edwin Kellogg, of Foochow, with their two little girls dressed in Chinese costumes with gorgeous head decorations joined hands with Miss Allen while Mrs. Beach voiced their welcome. She told of what an authority on children Miss Allen would be in China—how her manners would be copied by mothers and small girls—how she would be quoted in the homes as the final word. After a prayer by the Rev. George H. Hinman, a sacred communion service conducted by Dr. Walter Frear, first Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, and Dr. Henry Kelsey united all hearts in loving bonds to Miss Allen.

With a sympathy deep and admiring Miss Nina E. Rice, just returned from Turkey, was welcomed as she told her story of the driving out of Christians, Armenians especially,

from Sivas. Miss Rice was one of the teachers in the large boarding school for girls there located, a school of high excellence where girls were educated in advanced branches. The general story unfortunately is sadly familiar to us all; the separation of families, the driving of the women into the desert to perish or suffer hardships worse than death; the sad leavetaking of homes as with a few possessions piled in ox-carts the exiles started on their desolate journey. Of special interest was the brave bearing of the girls of the school, who wept for the first time when they heard of friends forswearing their Christian faith. Miss Rice's serenity and calm poise testify to the power of the faith that upholds and sustains in times of trial. She believes that those who perished did not die in vain and that greater opportunities than ever before will open up in Turkey.

Before the evening session a delightful hour was spent about the dinner table by over two hundred guests. After-dinner speeches added much to the enjoyment of the occasion, and Mrs. Robert Osgood, president of the Washington Branch, proved herself a ready and witty toastmistress.

The address of the evening was given by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer after devotional exercises led by Rev. E. A. King of San Jose. Mr. Palmer's subject was "Missions as a Preparation for Internationalism". Touching first upon the virtues of nationalism and its advantage when rightly developed, four perils of an arrested or mis-directed nationalism were enumerated. First the peril of an overbearing conceit, be it in the form of German kultur or our own satisfied selfassurance concerning our superior American civilization. Second, rivalry in armaments, which prepare for war, not for peace. Third, the narrow and selfish view toward world problems—the selfishness that makes one nation blind to the interests and needs of another, like the cramping up of Japan with its millions to provide for, and the denying of a seaport free from ice to Russia with its wealth of exports. Fourth the turning of the energies of a people against unreal foes. The spirit of war teaches us that other nations are our enemies, whereas the real enemies of humanity are poverty, social injustice, vice and crime. The nation that piles up armies and navies is preparing for unreal foes. If the 365,000,000 of dollars voted by Congress for armaments should be directed against the spread of tuberculosis and social evils real foes would be annihilated.

The challenge to us is this—Is the world to remain in this stage of nationalism or can we move on to a world republic? Dr. Barrows was quoted as saying, "I doubt if this war will see confederation of the states of the world. World federation will have to wait for the appearance of the superman." "Then let us say," urged Mr. Palmer, "The superman shall come! We who have seen the vision must work to make the dream come true." A world state looking kindly and impartially on all the races of the world must be our aim. There are three things to work for—respect for other nations, which will put an end to race prejudice; a common thought and education and outlook on life which will come from study, travel, interchange of students of different lands; coming to an agreement as to what the real foes of humanity are—not diverse races, but greed and injustice and social evils.

What place does missions have in this program? At one time the attitude towards missions was rather apologetic, but who will gainsay that missions may have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. Foreign Missions stands for international sympathy, sees beneath the mere accidents of skin and hair and eyes. It carries one common civilization and education the world around; and has advanced more than any other force the spirit of world consciousness. Edward Everett Hale said he believed in Foreign Missions because it hangs a map of the world in every country church in America. Missions in Chna as an advance agent of civilization has prepared a real international spirit. If the United States had sent an army of doctors, teachers, and missionaries into Mexico, there would have been no need of any other army. The call comes to heroic souls to free mankind from the bonds of self-interest and lift humanity to the realm of world consciousness.

Mr. Palmer's address was an impressive closing to a day full of missionary suggestion and inspiration.

The enjoyment of the program was heightened by the contributions of music by Mrs. Charles R. Parkinson, Mrs. Harriet Beall Lester and Mrs. B. M. Stich. Miss Lilian Featherstone and Mr. Samuel Mayer gave greatly appreciated services at the organ.

R. B. F.

YOUNG RESERVES' HOUR.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific is over. Much thinking, careful planning and the presence of missionaries made it a great meeting.

With the topic of the day—"Preparedness"—in mind the program had been arranged and military terms were tactfully used, and from "Morning Review" to "Evening Review" the day was a call to service.

After the "Mustering-in Service" of the new recruit, Miss Bertha Allen, there was an hour for the "Young Reserves". This was to bring a word from the front, and to sound a call for help.

The lieutenant in charge, Mrs. G. W. Hinman, was disabled while on the field and while waiting for strength to return has been talking "Preparedness" and "World Conquest" with ceaseless energy.

She has been detailed to work among the "Young Reserves"; hence the call to the "Reserves" to prepare for action.

Miss Grace Steinbeck, commissioned by the Young Women's Christian Association for China, led in prayer. Quietly and simply she brought the word that the weapons must be spiritual for laying hold of these strongholds.

Mrs. F. P. Beach, stationed at Foochow, and just returning after a furlough, pleaded for more recruits in kindergarten quarters, and showed how in China "a little child shall lead them".

Mrs. E. D. Kellogg, stationed further north at Shaown but still in the Foochow district, made vivid the obstacles to be met and overcome in winning the home for child nurture in China.

Miss Katharine Kellogg and Miss Frances Beach (ages four and five years), born at the front and not yet under marching orders, plead silently, but eloquently for enlightened child life in China.

Then came the story of our new recruit, told by herself; she spoke of the growing interest, during her girlhood, in Christian warfare—of her settled purpose to join the ranks for conquest—of the appeal of the whole world; now China, now India, now Africa, and then her great interest in the

"Crusade for Children" in Foochow, and finally the call to that post.

In view of the need felt, the lieutenant urged the Reserves to respond to the appeal and as their special work to send one kindergarten recruit to the Foochow station.

This meeting was an initial effort to bring our young people into line for the great advance for which every mission station is calling.

It was a distinctive feature of the great day of the annual meeting, and was an expression of the crying need for work among the young people. It was fraught with significance, and potent with possibilities.

B. B. M.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Nina Ellen Rice.

Thine is the earth with fullness stored,
  Thine is the sunshine, Thine the rain
  And Thine the fields of waving grain.
Like children at our father's board,
Knowing for us the table spread,
  Freely our needs we shall obtain;
  We trusting ask, nor ask in vain:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

We covet not another's share,
  Assured Thy wisdom will bestow
  What each one needs to make him grow
Up to Thy stature, strong and fair.
We stand not in another's stead,
  Each other's needs we cannot know;
  But Thou art just and wise—and so,
"Give **us** this day **our** daily bread."

Measure our portion day by day,
  Our needed food from out the sky;
  For, if we seek to lay it by,
The heavenly manna will decay,
By Thee alone in safety fed,
  We surfeit not, nor starve and die.
  Thou hear'st the ravens when they cry,
"Give us **this** day our **daily** bread."

The Bread of Life our spirits crave,
  On this world's sweets we pine away,
  For such our hunger cannot stay.
To make us whole and strong and brave,
Feed us as are Thine angels fed—
  Sweet, wholesome food, from day to day.
  Be Thou our portion—Lord we pray;
"Give us this day our daily bread."

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN.

The following Chinese poem written long before the time of David the Psalmist, sets forth the true prosperity of the righteous man in the same figure which he employed in the first Psalm.

'Tis a noble spreading tree;
Far and wide extend its shoots;
Covered thick with clustered fruits.
  Such is he,
He, the man we celebrate
Peerless, generous, and great.

—Trans. by C. F. R. Allen.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The McLean C. E. Society in the First Congregational Church of Oakland had for its topic last Sunday evening, "Open Versus Closed Shop."

On Tuesday next the Congregational Ministers' Wives' Club will meet in the First Congregational Church of Alameda. The church is on Chestnut street near Santa Clara avenue.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers in San Francisco next Monday there will be an address by Superintendent Gandier of the Anti-Saloon League. There should be a large attendance!

The annual meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California and of the Northern California Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held in Plymouth Church, Oakland, on Thursday, October 5th.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco has arranged and printed an attractive program of meetings running from September 12, 1916, to May 8, 1917. During these months they make "A Tour of the World."

The Congregational Church at San Jose has a unique advertising and invitation card. It is in the shape of a hat on which are printed in large letters these words: "Put on your hat and meet me at the First Congregational Church, South Third and San Antonio streets, San Jose, Cal., Sunday morning at eleven o'clock."

The poem entitled "Our Daily Bread," written by Miss Nina Ellen Rice, appeared in The Pacific the year before she went to her work in Turkey. Inasmuch as Miss Rice was in attendance last week at the meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, and inasmuch as the poem is one worth repeating, we give it again this week.

The Rev. Dr. Aked is booked to lecture in Chicago on the 8th of October. He goes thence to the Pacific Northwest, having engagements along the way. He is to speak in Seattle. Some time toward the latter part of the month he will reach San Francisco. Not having lost his citizenship, his household furniture being in San Francsco, we presume he will be entitled to vote for those prohibitory amendments. At least he can speak for them.

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland had in a conspicuous place last Sunday these words' "Ideal Church Week—This Is It." We presume the suggestion therein was that every week is or should be an ideal church week. Next were to be seen the words: "The Ideal Church—Is This It?" And then more searchingly still the words: "The Ideal Church Member—Are You One?"

Secretary Hinman of the American Missionary Association will have temporary headquarters for two or three months in Los Angeles and will give considerable time during those months to the work of the Society in Southern California. He will be at the Pacific Coast headquarters of the Society in San Francisco during these months as much as aforetime. Mrs. Hinman will accompany him to Los Angeles.

The pastor of the Congregational Church at San Jose

has organized what is called "The Minister's Bible Class." Beginning the first of October there will be "Fourteen Weeks with Hebrew Poetry." The first four Sundays will consider: The Nature of Hebrew Poetry, Tribal and National Songs Outside the Psalter, Music and Song in the Temple Service, Structure and History of the Psalter. Then will follow for the other Sundays a study of some of the psalms.

The Myrtle Street Congregational Church of Oakland announces in a little folder for circulation in that part of the city in which its work lies:" Myrtle Street Church is a church of the common people. You will receive a welcome whether you wear broadcloth or overalls. The pastor, Geo. H. DeKay is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks and Oberlin Seminary." For last Sunday evening the annuncement was: Who is Head of the House? A sermon to wives (and their husbands) from a good old-fashioned text: "Wives obey your husbands." Don't send your wife to hear this; bring her."

Plymouth Church, Ooakland, has grown in nine years from a membership of 125 to 845; the Sunday-school from 140 to 800. And a church edifice and a parish house have been built at a total cost of $75,000. In a recent announcement for circulation in Oakland we find the following: "The Message of the Church is definitely modern, in harmony with the best science and scholarship of the day. It is also definitely social—seeking to build a better civilization of brotherly men. But,beneath all, it is profoundly spiritual, believing that into our separate lives the strength and peace of God must come until we all attain unto the fullness of the stature of Christ. Have you a church home? If not, why be homeless any longer? Come! Help us make regnant in modern life the great things of the soul!"

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND THE PASTORATE.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco will continue for a while to have its pulpit supplied instead of calling a minister. It requires a two-thirds vote to call a minister and it has not been found possible to get this yet. At a meeting held in August the name of Rev. Dr. H. S. Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts, was presented. It was made manifest at once that evening that there were not a few who desired the return of Dr. Aked now that he is again in this country and open for such work. But the meeting had been called specifically to consider the question of a call to Dr. Bradley. Accordingly no other name could be considered. Some of those who wished to vote for Dr. Bradley, if it were not possible to get the church to unite for Dr. Aked, attempted to get the whole business deferred, arguing that it was not fair to anybody—Dr. Bradley included—that a vote should be taken that night. This effort failing, there were 85 votes in favor of calling Dr. Bradley and 67 against. After further deliberation by the church board it was decided to present at a meeting called for September 5 the names of both Dr. Aked and Dr. Bradley. A short time before that meeting was held Dr. Bradley having learned the situation and having all the time been rather uncertain as to whether the work here would appeal to him sent a telegram requesting that there be no further consideration of his name. This was read by Deacon Morse soon after the opening of the meeting Tuesday evening of last week. Dr. Aked's name was then presented and the pros and cons took up about an hour and a half. When a vote was taken it stood 110 for and 98 against.

There is danger now of division. One of two courses will have to be pursued if this is to be avoided.

Those who desire the return of Dr. Aked, though a majority of the persons in attendance at a well-advertised meeting, can say: we will drop the effort, though thoroughly dear to our hearts his work here in San Francisco, and will look for some one on whom to unite.

Those who have not yet been able to persuade themselves that Dr. Aked would come back shorn of his imperfections—those qualities and characteristics which made it very hard at times to work with him—these persons can say: Since the majority has so voted we will unite in extending a call, for the reason that if he does not work differently he cannot succeed and will rule himself out by failure in a short time.

We of course offer no advice, and take neither side. In common with all within the church and without we desire to see it go on its way without division and with nothing rankling in the minds of any.

Desiring to be fair in our mention of this hard problem of our beloved First Church and print nothing that could be reasonably objectionable, the foregoing was submitted to several friends prominent in Congregational work hereabout. It was remarked by one that there is another alternative, and that is for Dr. Aked to so act as to eliminate himself from the problem.

NORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BERKELEY.

The Rev. Samuel C. Patterson has entered on his eighth year as pastor of the North Congregational Church, Berkeley. At the beginning of this pastorate in 1909 the church had 299 members. There were at that time 33 Chinese members. The Chinese now have an organization of their own. There were 70 non-resident members at that time. Now there are 29. During these years 216 persons have been received into membership, 70 on confession; and the enrollment now is 310. Seven years ago there was an indebtedness of $7,200. It is only $9,000 at the present time although nearly $25,000 have gone into improvements. The church has expended in various ways during the seven years about $43,000. The property as it stands now is valued at $36,000. Next June the North Congregational Church will be twenty-five years old. Next to this pastorate the longest was that of the Rev. B. F. Sargent—five years and three months.

We congratulate the North Church and its pastor on what has been accomplished since 1909. There is today a solidity, a substantialness, such as the church has not had before; and all in all the future is one of promise.

BOULEVARD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

On the first Sunday in September, eight new members were received into the church by letter. Rev. Mr. Orr has worked with untiring zeal during the few months he has been with this church and his labors are being rewarded

with some very gratifying results in all departments of the church work.

Mr. C. H. Blesse, physical director at the Fremont High School, has transformed the basement of the church into a gymnasium where he is training the young boys of the community. Mr. Blesse has the same group of boys in his Sunday School class where they are making splendid progress.

Rev. Huber Burr of the Berkeley Congregational Church was present at one of the Friday evening programs in this church, at which time he gave a vey interesting talk on "The Black Art," (printing.)

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By J. Edwards.

There is general regret in this region among Congregational ministers and churches, in anticipation of the departure of Dr. W. W. Scudder, from the state. He has been the superintendent of Home Missions for about 15 years, and has proved himself wise, aggressive and efficient, and is loved by all. There is a sense of gratification that he has been promoted to a position of more prominence and extensive usefulness, and there is confidence that he will fill it with eminent success.

There prevails universal satisfaction in the appointment of Rev. F. N. White, D.D., as associate superintendent for Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. He received a hearty welcome when he appeared before the ministers at the Alliance last Monday, and I am confident that there is an eagerness on the part of all to co-operate with him. He has begun his work with vigor and faith, and I trust there will be united prayer for God's blessing. A resolution was passed at the Alliance, expressing the sense of those present, that it would be advisable to appoint Dr. White, as the superintendent of Eastern Washington, and northern Idaho, and respectfully requesting the directors of the State Conference so to appoint him in the interest of increased efficiency. The new officers of the Congregational ministers Alliance are, Rev. H. A. Luckenbaugh, President, Rev. A. A. Doyle, vice; Rev. W. S. Carne, secretary-treasurer.

Rev. G. H. Wilbur, has closed his labors at Malden, and is available for supply or permanent pastorate. He resides in this city for the present, and preached at Genessee, Idaho last Sunday.

The veteran T. W. Walters. of Colfax, supplied at Pullman, on two Sundays of last month, during the vacation of Rev. C. H. Harrison.

Mr. Roland Bainton, the son of Rev. J. H. Bainton, of Colfax, has preached at Pullman and Colfax, during his vacation with special acceptance. Mr. Bainton, is a graduate of Whitman College, and the coming year will be his last year at Yale school of religion, NewHaven. He has made an extraordinary record in both institutions, having won some of the best scholarships at Yale, the last one for preaching.

The Rev. J. Mawddy Jones, of Portland, Oregon, spent two Sundays in this city last month, preaching in the Welsh Presbyterian Church, and lecturing one evening in the Pilgrim Church, on the "Best way to Live for Both Worlds." Mr. Jones was on his way to visit his daughter in Milwaukee, and his old field of labor in Gomer, Ohio. He has been in Oregon doing splendid service for 26 years. He feels keenly the loss of his good wife. Mr. Jones is recognized as a Welsh poet of note, having the distinction of being the only Welsh-American, who has won the crown for a Welsh epic poem.

Rev. A. P. Orth, has closed his labors at Genesee, Idaho, and is likely to settle in the Walla Walla country. The Congregational and Christian churches of Genesee have federated and are seeking a suitable pastor.

The State Conference will meet at the Westminister Church this city, on the 25, 26, 27 of this month. A special effort will be made to have a large representation of ministers and lay members. The program promises a feast of good things. All the missionary societies are expected to be represented by Pacific Coast officers, and special attention will be given to the tercentenary celebration.

Rev. J. L. Rollins, has closed labors at Deary, Idaho, and began work at Cusick, Wash.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 8, 1916.

The Home.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER?

What's the matter with father?

The matter with father is that he is an artful dodger. As a neighbor recently confessed to me, "When it comes to parental discipline, I either skid or skiddoo." Father is a consulting rather than a practicing parent. He is like that curious South American lizard which, when pursued, drops its tail in the pathway to interest the pursuer, while it escapes itself. Father makes it his conscientious business to give his family money and everything they need except himself. "I never had a father," said a friend to me. "Did he die when you were quite young?" I asked with sympathy. "O, he isn't dead; he's a Shriner."

The other day we received in the office of the American Institute of Child Life a letter from a boy of thirteen, in which I read the following passage: "What can I do to get my father interested in baseball? There doesn't seem to be anything we can talk about when we are together, and you can imagine that we are not very good friends." A few days later we had a letter from a mother who asked us this question: "Confidentially, is there any way to make a father feel that he has a responsibility in rearing his sons? The father in this, home is a man of sterling character, high ideals and a man to be proud of. The only thing is that the responsibility as treasurer of the hospital and chairman of the greens committee at the golf club has in the past eight years been paramount, and there has been no time for home life."

You can picture these sitiuations. Two reputable men are fulfilling every responsibility in life except their principal one. One of them at least is trying to serve humanity, and yet he has a boy at home who is saying, "Do you want to serve humanity? I am it." We get a glimpse of a man who for eight years has never failed to win public approbation by keeping the sward smooth on the putting greens of his native town, but at the tremendous price of leaving his children half-orphans.

It takes two people to bring up a child. Shy though he

may be to confess it, a father is really an admirable person to be a parent. He is more likely to be sympathetic with a pungent course of hygiene and exercise for his growing children; he ought to be more ingenious in arranging the playroom and making home-wrought occupations; he always has the freshness of approach of one who is notaround all the time, and he is supposed to have that larger outlook which is so essential to broadening lives of oncoming children. If a father would put his mind on his parental task, he could be just as successful as he is at what he calls his business. It may not earn him uch a largely attended funeral, but it will be better for him after the funeral is over. For it is not only right for a father to have a son, but his son has a right to have him.

In these days when we are seeing, as never before, the shrinkage of fatherhood and the expansion of motherhood, it may be worth while to name some special reasons why fatherhood should not become obsolete. If any man is reading these words whose mind is open to the conviction that it may be his privilege to be something more than Santa Claus to his household, I shall be glad.

There are several things, beside food and clothes, which a child has a right to from his father.

He has a right to have his father play with him. Is this too much to ask? You love your child enough to want to be friends with him, let us say. To be friends with anyone it is necessary that we do some things in companionship with him. Now, your child cannot share what you are doing, so you must share what he is doing. And what is he doing? Mostly playing. That is what he is a child for? If he wasn't doing that, he wouldn't be a child. For a short time it may be possible for a father to live on a pedestal, from which he descends, like Jehovah in the Old Testament, with a dictum or a discipline, as he feels disposed. But a perch is at best uncomfortable, and you cannot bring up a child entirely on what you tell him about how good you were when you were a boy. Some very good men have failed at just this point. The editor of a popular magazine for mothers is so touchy that his son can't live with him, and has to be sent away to school, and the child of the editor of one of our largest religious weeklies was a prodigal. But an old Irishman, chief of police in Philadelphia, left a widower with a large family, once told a company of fathers that he had never known a child to go wrong in a home where the father played with his children for an hour after supper, and he added, with justifiable satisfaction, "And I've tried it mesilf." To play with a child doesn't mean to use him as a plaything, and then, when you have tired him out, spank him because he is cross. It means to get down where he is, to do what is so much harder than to be a child, namely, to become one. A small boy was once complaining that his father did everything for him except this, and he uttered this sensible complaint:

"I can't help thinking what great sport it would be
If paw'd been born a little boy, so he could play with me."

"Do you know your child's dreams?" was a question that flashed up at me from some ephemeral publication the other day. How many of us even know that our child has dreams? Yet his dreams are the seeds of his life's purposes, and we, excellent Pharisees that we are, have no right to thank God that we are not as other men are if our children do not trust us enough to tell them. But they cannot trust us, unless they know us.

Another thing a child has a right to ask from his father is that he should teach him. Even when we are driven to our last cowardly defense, "My wife brings up my children to my satisfaction," we have to acknowledge that there are some things which a woman cannot well teach her sons. One of these is how to work. The problem of work for children in this country is more important than the problem of play. I sympathize heartily with the agitation against child labor and in behalf of playgrounds, but I have little patience with the idea that because a child ought not to be employed puplicly and for wages until he is through school, therefore he is to have no chance to learn through experience that work is more fun than play, and that because he has a playground he has no need of a workshop. Rufus Stanley of Elmira found in his original Omega Work Club for Boys, that his lads stuck to their garden patches and chicken coops amid the distractions of the Fourth of July and the Columbus Day parade. But how can a mother teach a sizable boy to work? He doesn't love sewing and dishwashing, and she doesn't know the difference between a spokeshave and a safety razor. "Wait till father comes home, and we'll fix it for you," said a boy of six proudly to his mother, in a home where father had discovered that his son had other uses for his hands than to keep them clean.

A father ought to teach his boy how to spend money. It is a difficult art, as the man himself knows. The most foolish man in this country is the moneymaker who endows his immature children with a license to be spendthrifts. Next to him in folly is the man in comfortable circumstances who continues to give his high school son the same fifty-cent allowance that he received when he was a child, because "he doesn't know the value of money." The former will probably soon foist upon the public a son of the type euphemistically known as "chicken-snatchers," and the latter, subject to semi-weekly hold-ups from his impoverished offspring, will wonder vaguely why he cannot think of a financial arrangement with them which is as fair and businesslike as that which he has with his other junior partners. For that is what growing children are—our junior partners—and when a boy is old enough to have a fancy in neckties he is old enough to have a budget and buy his own clothes.

One moe thing that a father ought to teach his sons is an intelligent and chivalrous attitude toward womanhood. Our Institute received 1,000 letters from mothers last year —mothers, mind you—asking how they should teach the facts and laws of sex to their children, chiefly to their sons. What a comment on the pusillanimity of American fatherhood! Aside from the proper reticence of mothers, every man knows that there is a whole realm of feeling into which no woman can enter, and which only a man ought to try to interpret. One attitude of mind common to women, for example, is that immorality is so physically perilous and so morally repugnant that a boy needs only information to this effect to keep him pure. Only the father can realize that it is hard to scare a boy by any peril and that his curiosity is somewhat likely to conquer his fears, and that the only way to be sure a boy will do right will be because he likes to. Yet when a father asks himself what one experience he would prefer that his son should omit, he can hardly shirk his own share in protecting him from it. And in general, when the time comes that youth rushes on like

an avalanche and wings seem so much better than nests, and a youngster hears his mother's advice and follows his father's example, a father can hardly afford to sidestep. In any town that is big enough to have chop suey there is a special time and place for fathers.

What, then, must a father do to be saved from the hell of unfulfilled responsibility?

He must know something about children in general. The extent of ignorance concerning the most usual facts of childhood revealed in our correspondence with some parents is such that if a man were as limited in his business, he could not hold a position as errand boy. Not only has a father never read a book about child life, but he seems to have a complete loss of memory about himself before he was twenty-one. Fathers complain that their children lie and steal and make unworthy companionships, forgetting that every boy who ever lived that amounted to anything did every one of these things. They give their children allowances of five cents a week and then hound them if they visit the candy store or divert their Sunday School penny to secular uses. They lose their tempers with their children, and then want to know why they are not more respectful. They try to lick their growing boys, and then want to know why they stay out nights. They do everything that is stupid, and yet always complain of their offspring and never of themselves. Now, for years the books on child-raising have been just as plentiful, just as explicit and just as cheap as those on stock-raising or business management. Why don't fathers get intelligent upon their great human problem?

Fathers ought to know their own children particularly. Dean Le Baron Briggs of Harvard has said that most of the prodigal sons who get into trouble at the university were spoiled by their fathers before they came. Would there be private military academies, practically polite reformatories, all over this country if fathers everywhere knew more about their sons? Would you care to be a father who didn't understand his son when he was away? It may be a man is not too much to blame if he doesn't know much about his babies; he is not called to nurse them. But he really should give as much attention to knowing what they do think and dream when they are older as to several other things which somebody else can do just as well.

I know our excuse: "We haven't got time." This is the place where industry most invades our homes, not by child labor, but by stealing the fathers. It would seem to be as hard for a successful man to be a real father as it is for him to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Perhaps that is his way into the kingdom. Of course, our children rather take us at a disadvantage. A healthy boy returned from school is just ready for excitement at the end of the day when father has had all the excitement he wants. When father is ready to be coddled, son is ready to be amused. It is natural for father to encourage son to take his amusement in the easiest way, outside the house if possible. It is natural for him to feel that his own comfort and the child's morals require absent treatment.

Mother is not always tactful about approaching father with the children. She is occasionally tired herself when night comes. As one woman says, "We fling the desperate boy at the very hand of the bewildered father and then have turns of bitter disappointment because the remedies that are applied are so much cruder than our own." You see, father is like a captain who has not served in the ranks; we expect efficiency of him when he has not worked up to deserve it.

The solution seems to be here. Really a wife must train her husband to be a father. Every bride finds out that her husband is actually her first child, and must be treated as such. Father as a man is not so bad; he is a boy at heart. But motherhood comes by instinct, while fatherhood requires a course of study. Take father early. Let him into the nursery. Insist that he admire his first-born, and tell him why he is beautiful. Break it to him easily that he is God to his youngsters. Tell him that the Bible is full of the duty of fathers, but never mentions that mothers have any duties. Never let him open his mouth in discipline until he is sure he has put himself in his child's place. Get the children to help father break loose of his sedentary sins, of his tired solemnities, of his awful omniscience. Demand his best.—William Byron Forbush in Rural Manhood.

For The Children.

HOW A LITTLE BOY BECAME A "BIG BOY."

"Mother, the other fellers don't have their kid brothers a-tagging around all the time. Jim Sturgis gets some fellow to hold on to his, and then he runs off." Edwin looked scornfully down at six-year-old Lawrence, who was trying so hard to be a big boy.

"I am glad you don't treat your little brother that way," mother said. "I should be very much ashamed of you, if you did."

Edwin's face turned red. He had nesver asked another boy to hold his chubby little Lawrence, it is true, but he ran away and left him ever so many times! Jim thought that was "being smart," but Edwin felt sure mother would not agree with Jim.

"Did you know I was the fastest runner in school?" asked Edwin, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

"No," answered mother; "but I need a boy who can run fast. Father's new hat blew down into Abbott's Gully in the storm last night. He didn't have time to get it on his way to the shop this morning, so he asked me to send one of you boys after it this noon. I think a boy who can run fast will have time to get that hat before one o'clock.

"All right! I'll get it!" and Edwin pulled on his coat.

Away he ran with his longest strides, turning now and then to make sure that mother and Lawrence were watching from the window.

When he reached the center of the bridge that spans Abbott's Gully, he peered over the railing, looking this way and that. He crossed to the other side, and peered again. He saw ice, snow, slush, leafless bushes, and trees, but nothing that could be father's good hat, so he turned about and ran for home.

"Back so soon!" exclaimed mother. "Why, you've been gone only twenty minutes! But where's the hat?"

"It isn't there," promptly answered Edwin. "I guess somebody stole it, or maybe the wind blew it away."

As soon as school was out that afternoon all the big boys started off together. Lawrence and some of the other small boys wanted to follow, but Jim Sturgis called back. "All you kids get along out of this," and they dared not disobey Jim!

Lawrence, dragging his sled behind him, was trudging home all by himself when he remembered father's good hat, which he still felt was down in that gully, just waiting for some boy to come find it, and he made up his mind to try what he could do. Lawrence was so short that his chin barely touched the railing over which Edwin had looked so easily, so he went around to the end and leaned over as far as his arm would reach.

"Can't see it!" he said to himself; "but I guess it's there, all right! I'm going to be sure."

Then he lay flat on his sled, and went shooting down over the snow and ice. The sled did not stop at the foot of the hill, but went part way up the other side of the gully, and then slid back and tumbled poor Lawrence into a clump of bushes. Some of them scratched his face, but he did not cry, not he! He might be a little boy, but he was no baby.

Scrambling to his feet he began to look about for the missing hat, and before very long his bright eyes spied it, wedged between the trunks of two young trees.

"Away down under the bridge, where I couldn't have seen it at all, even if I'd been big enough to look over the railing," laughed he, as he pulled the hat from its hiding place and punched it into shape.

To climb out of gully without again denting that hat, or for a moment losing his hold on the sled rope, was not easy for a plump boy of six. Several times he stumbled, and once he fell flat, but finally hat, sled and boy all reached the top of the hill.

"Where have you been?" asked Edwin, as the little brother appeared in the sitting room doorway, his face happy under the scratches, and both hands held behind him.

"Down in the gully after the hat!" cried Lawrence, "and here it is!

"Thank you, Lawrence," smiled mother. "Once I had just one big boy, but now I have two; a big, long boy, and a big, strong boy."

Edwin said nothing then. He just kept his eyes on his book and looked very sheepish indeed.

But that night when the light was blown out and he was sure mother had closed the door into the sitting room, he whispered, "Say, Bub, how'd you like to be one of the big fellers?"

"I'd like it!" answered Lawrence, eagerly.

"I don't believe the others will mind if I ask 'em," Edwin assured him, with the lordly air of the nine-year-old. "And I'll do it to-morrow, sure pop."—Mary L. Stetson.

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